

## halfway happy by dontstraytoofar

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Fluff, Other, basically me wanting more female interaction!!!!

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler

**Relationships:** Eleven & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Eleven & Joyce Byers, Eleven & Max (Stranger Things), Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Eleven & Nancy Wheeler

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-11-02

**Updated:** 2017-11-02

**Packaged:** 2022-04-02 01:54:10

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,227

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

*Home; /noun/ "the place where one lives permanently, especially as a member of a family or household"*

## halfway happy

### Author's Note:

ok so i have the s2 finale to finish so this is just my take. i wanted to write abt elevens interactions with all the other female characters in her life (bc there isnt much on the show) its just short and sweet and something i wanted to get down! hope u like xx

Drinking milkshakes and eating fries is a thing Nancy calls; “*Normal kid things, right?*”

Eleven just nods softly, because lately all this *new* stuff is a lot and the best thing she’s found to do is just nod and agree, even if the word ‘milkshake’ is alien against her lips as she whispers it, frowning slightly as she taps the leather seats of Nancy’s car with her short nails.

“Milkshake”

Nancy smiles at her, and Eleven lets her lips upturn back in acknowledgement. The smaller girl likes how it’s not a pity smile, not like the nurses smiles whenever they heard her cry behind metal walls. Or her Papa’s smile late at night behind sealed doors. That all feels so long ago, like she’s lived decades.

The smile is the kind of smile Joyce gives her, or Jim. Or Mike, or Will, or Dustin.

She doesn’t know what that means, but she guesses it’s a good thing.

It’s been three weeks since it all happened, and Joyce brought her new clothes and new *everything* and when Eleven walks into Hopper’s home, when she walks into *her* room, Joyce is with her. Encouragingly smiling with an embarrassed sweep of her arms, saying: “Welcome to your new room! We didn’t know you’re favourite colour, so we went with blue.”

Eleven takes in the four walls and small bed with wide eyes and a slightly opened mouth.

She likes blue. She likes Joyce and Mike and Jim and the Byers and she likes a lot of things she didn't know she would. Like how Nancy takes her on impromptu "lunch dates" she calls them. They go to a new place everyday, and Eleven also likes how Mike waves to her from his porch when she leaves one of their sleep overs yelling: "Next time, convince Nancy to let me come!"

And Eleven likes how Nancy yells back; "No chance! This is girl time!" Because to Eleven it feels like a special thing they have. And it would be nice to have her best friend join them, but then Nancy starts singing something about a "*Karma Karma Karma Karma Chameeeeleon*" and smiling at Eleven to join in, so she shakes her shoulders in a half attempt, and it's enough to make Nancy grin wider.

They make it to the small cafe, neon lights blinking over head. And for a moment, Eleven sits frozen as Nancy turns the ignition off, scrunching up the fabric of the jeans she wears.

Nancy frowns, turning slightly in her seat as she notices the other girls' frozen stance. And her voice is soft, gentle as she asks. "Hey, you okay?"

And Eleven flickers her eyes up to Nancy, to the neon lights, and it reminds her of eating burgers in a hospital gown and a nice friendly smile covered in a lumberjack's beard.

She thinks of Benny. It was so long ago.

Then a gunshot. She remembers the sound of snapped necks in her wake.

She thinks of leaving Kali. Her sister.

Then she was surrounded by the forest, by rocks digging into her feet, people yelling and voices covering the forest floor; biting at her legs.

She feels Nancy's hand on her shoulder, and her soft voice as she

squeezes softly. “Elle. It’s okay. *Breathe*”

So she does. *In and out*. Like Joyce showed her.

And the next moment Eleven feels red nylon under her legs, feet dangling from the height of the diner booth as she sips on her strawberry milkshake, dipping soggy fries into a red liquid. Nancy chuckles softly, stirring her own milkshake as she raises an eyebrow. “Good?”

Eleven smiles shyly, dimple in her left cheek. And she thinks maybe she can be okay.

“Good”

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“Sooo, what do you think?”

She’s never had her own room before, so when Joyce shows her the repainted roof that looks like the night sky, Eleven doesn’t know what else to do other than turn around. Hugging Joyce and burying her face into her chest.

The older woman seems surprised at first, a small smile leaving her lips as Eleven pulls quickly back -- looking to Joyce with a smile.

Joyce is okay with that. Baby steps.

She thinks Eleven’s lit up eyes as she looks to the painted roof is enough, more than she was hoping for. And she watches the younger girl sit lightly on the bed, letting her fingers reverently trail across the bed sheets, almost wearily.

Joyce frowns at that, Eleven touches the fabric as if on guard. Like the soft blankets will ensnare her body, swallowing her whole.

Yet the younger girl just lets the tiniest of smiles out, whispering "It's beautiful" and Joyce has this *feeling* that settles deep into her chest. Burrows itself there. And makes its home. She smiles back, folding her arms across her chest to resist the urge to pull the other girl into another hug.

Alot changed. She goes by Jane now, but she still likes being called El. She likes how her friend's say it when they smile.

When she tells the older woman that, she simply grins, in that perfect way.

"That's a beautiful name sweetheart" she says, brushing Jane's thick locks back in a motherly way she used to dream about.

Jim yells down the hall, something about an incoming snow storm and he walks into the kitchen down the hall telling them to be careful, in a voice so warm and familiar that Jane closes her eyes. Feels the hand in her hair. The warm voices surrounding her.

And she feels like she's home.

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It's weeks until she talks to Max.

And that's okay, but she feels *slightly* bad for making her fall off her skateboard that one time. But she kissed Mike and he kept his promise so really, why should Max have to pay for her own ealousy?

That's what Jim said, in his own way of course, spearing a piece of steak with his fork and shrugging when Joyce gave him a disapproving look.

"What? Max is a good kid. Give 'er a chance Jane"

So she does.

She likes how Max's hair looks like the sunrise and her eyes the ocean.

"Ever skateboarded before?"

They're sitting on the parties cul de sac, and Max is just idly rocking side to side on her board. In answer to her question, Jane softly shakes her head no, so Max smiles, standing up and holding her hand out.

"I'll teach you! I haven't met many girls who do. It would be cool to-you know. Not ride on a bike for once"

Jane chuckles softly at that, takes her hand, and wonders if she should apologise.

She goes to, but Max is already shoving the board under her feet, holding her arms to steady the other girl and push her along.

"Woah!"

"Hey! You're doing it Ell!"

Max let go of her arms, walking by her side, she smiles to Eleven and shoves her hands in her pockets.

"It's Jane"

Max frowns, tilting her head. "Huh?"

"My name is Jane"

The sunrise girl smiles, jokingly putting up her hand for a fist bump; talking in a terrible impression that makes Jane smile as she presses

her fist to the other girls’.

“Tubular dude”

Jane laughs, slowly travelling down the street on the board, her chest feels full; *light* .

“Tubular”

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